

ALL
ORIGINAL

GIANT TERROR-SUSPENSE ANNUAL!

47775
1972

NIGHTMARE
1972
ANNUAL

NIGHTMARE ANNUAL

A SEWARD PUBLICATION

THE DAY THE
EARTH WILL
DIE!

FIEND
OF
HORROR!

LIMB
FROM
LIMB
FROM
DEATH!



featuring
ALL-ORIGINAL
**FRIGHT
FANTASIES!**

HAVING READ THE BLACK ORIGIN OF DRACULA IN THE PSYCHO ANNUAL, NOW ON SALE... YOU MAY NOW WANT TO KNOW OF THE VAMPIRESS... HAS THERE EVER BEEN SUCH A WOMAN?

HOLLYWOOD HAS PORTRAYED HER OFTEN... AS HAVE MANY AUTHORS OF THE MACABRE... AS BEING UNHOLY, RUTHLESS, WITHOUT MERCY -- AS A SUB-HUMAN ENTITY WHOSE LIFE-FORCE IS SUSTAINED ONLY BY HER LUSTING VICTIM AFTER VICTIM... SUFFERING THEIR BLOOD TO BECOME AS ONE WITH HERS...

HAS THERE EVER LIVED SUCH A WOMAN? THE ANSWER IS YES... AS YOU'LL SEE IN...

THE TRUTH BEHIND THE MYTH OF THE BRIDE OF DRACULA

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER IS FOUND IN 16TH CENTURY HUNGARY WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE CASTLE CSEJTE...

... IN THE PERSON OF THE COUNTESS ELIZABETH BATHORY... AN EVIL AND BEAUTIFUL WOMAN WHO SURROUNDED HERSELF WITH THE STRANGEST OF COMPANIONS... THORKO THE SORCEROR... DARYHALA THE FOREST WITCH... GJARAJU THE ALCHIMIST...



SHE WOULD BRUTALLY MURDER THE GIRLS THEN BATHE IN THE BLOOD OF THREE OR FOUR VICTIMS...

... OFTEN IT WAS SAID SHE WOULD FIRST DRINK IT AS ONE WOULD DRINK WINE... TO EXCESS... TILL SHE WAS DRUNK WITH LUNACY!



SHE WAS OBSESSED BY PASSIONS WHICH COULD BE SATISFIED ONLY BY GROTESQUE TORTURES... WHICH SHE WOULD INFECT ON INNOCENT GIRLS SHE ABDUCTED ON DARK MOONLESS NIGHTS WHEN SHE WOULD ROAM THE COUNTRYSIDE WITH HER COMPANIONS...



IN 1608 THE COUNTESS BATHORY WAS TRIED FOR HER CRIMES AND WAS PUNISHED BY BEING WALKED UP ALIVE IN HER OWN DUNGEONS... SURROUNDED BY THE CORPSES OF HER VICTIMS...

... MACABRE... BUT TRUE... HARDLY THE 'BRIDE OF DRACULA' AS WE'VE COME TO IMAGINE HER... BUT CERTAINLY THE REFERENCE FOR MANY A WILD-TALE WRITER WHO SAW IN HER -- THE FIRST FEMALE OF THE BLOOD-JUST KNOWN AS VAMPIRISM!



STAY HERE...

FIP THRU THE CONTENTS IF YOU WILL
BUT READ THESE FRIGHTENING BLURBS
THAT TELL YOU OF WHAT ARCHAIC BEINGS,
BEASTS AND ABOMINATIONS LIVE WITHIN
THIS ALL ORIGINAL FIRST INDULGENCE
INTO THE MAD-EMOTIONAL **HORROR-**
MOOD...

...THE **NIGHTMARE** ANNUAL

#1 1972

ISRAEL WALDMAN - Publisher
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NOW.. OPEN UP
YOUR EYES AND
COME INTO THIS
ISSUE KNOWING WHAT
MADNESS WE OFFER
YOU...

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NOW... THERE IS NO MORE TO READ HERE... THE BLURBS ARE
OVER... FINISHED... THERE IS NAUGHT TO DO NOW BUT TURN
THE PAGE AND LEAP INTO THE **HORROR-MOOD...**

THE STRANGE CASE OF

DR. JEKYLL and MR. HYDE

ADAPTED BY HEINZEN AND KIRKWOOD FROM THE R.L. STEVENSON CLASSIC TALE OF THE MACABRE

THE YEAR WAS WRITTEN AS 1886; THE LOCALE AS LONDON, ENGLAND; THE SETTING--A SEEDY SIDE-STREET IN THE OLD SOHO DISTRICT; THE SCENE--

HERE WALKS A MAN NAMED EDWARD HYDE. --



--HERE A CHILD WHO NEEDS NO SUCH FANCY TITLE TO WALK BY--"INNOCENT" WILL SUFFICE--



--AND INNOCENTLY ENOUGH--THE CHILD RUNG INTO EDWARD HYDE AS THEY MEET AT THE CORNER--



--THE MAN CALLED HYDE UNHEDGELY BEARS THE
INNOCENT CHILD TO A BLOODY LIVING PULP--FOR
SUCH IS HIS 'CHARACTER'--

--HIS 'CHARACTER' IS WHAT THIS MACABRE
STORY IS ALL ABOUT.
AND SO STARTS OUR TALE..

THEATRICAL
**FILTHY
CHILD!**

--RUN THE STREETS
THIS TIME OF NIGHT AND
EXPECT
TO BE FUNISHED!

IF YOUR PARENTS
HAVE NOT THE COURAGE
TO HANG YOU...I DO...
WITHIN AN INCH
OF YOUR LIFE!





THIS MAN IS DR. HENRY Jekyll--
A RESPECTED
PHYSICIAN--A
CONSERVATIVE
MEMBER OF ENGLAND'S
UPPER CRUST...

---A THEORY
THAT WITHIN
EVERY MAN IS
ANOTHER--AN ALTER
EGO HE CALLED IT--A
MIND OF OPPOSITE CHARACTER
STRUGGLING TO SURFACE --

DR. Jekyll ANNOUNCED
NOT MANY YEARS AGO
TO THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF PHYSICIANS THAT
HE HAD A THEORY--

THEY LAUGHED AT HIM-- MOCKED HIM-- IT WAS
OF COURSE, HIS SCIENTIFIC DUTY TO EXPERI-
MENT-- TO ASSOCIATE THOSE TWO PERSONA-
LITIES --



TO DESCRIBE THE
CHARACTER OF THIS
MR. HYDE IS NOT
EASY -- IT WILL BE
SIMPLER TO SHOW YOU... SHOW YOU THE
DEPRIVED DEPARTS
TO WHICH A MAN
CAN SWING --

--IF YOU DON'T KNOW
IT-- THIS IS THE
GREATEST OF ALL
DRUGS -- OPIUM--
HYDE SPENTS HIS
EVENINGS BY TWISTING
HIS MIND THISLY--
THEN EXECUTES THE UNNAMEABLE
FANTASIES THE
BLOWN-MIND SUGGESTS ...



INSANE?
THEN LEARN HOW
A MAN--INSANE
DEFENDS HIS
HONOR --

YOUR HONOR...
WHY...
UGGGGGGGHHH!



GET 'IM --
HE'S ONLY
ONE MAN...





THUS IS EDWARD HYDE (EVIL..)



IT IS HOURS LATER--PERHAPS DAYS--WEEKS--EDWARD HYDE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT TIME!

OH MY HEAD--WHAT IS HYDE DOING WITH MY BEING--I CAN'T PERMIT HIM TO...

OH GOD--GOD--MY HAND--HYDE'S HAND!



--HE WANTS ABSOLUTE CONTROL!



FATE TWISTS AND BENDS A MAN--IT'S BEEN
KNOWN TO KILL-- BUT IT'S NOT SO KIND
TO THE MAN CALLED JEKYLL-- JEKYLL, IN A
WORD, IS PERSECUTED!



...AND IT SHOWS!

I'M GOING TO MEET
THIS MAN HYDE -- CON-
FRONT HIM -- THAT
GLUTTONISH BRUTE
MUST HAVE SOME
CONTROL OVER MY
FRIEND -- I'M GOING
TO FIND OUT EXACTLY
HOW!



WHAT ABOUT--
I HAVE NOTHING
TO SAY TO YOU
ANYWAY!

BUT I HAVE
MUCH TO SAY TO
YOU -- WHERE IS
DR. JEKYLL --
WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE WITH
HIM?



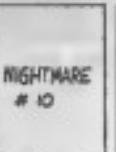
NOTHING
THAT CONCERNSS
YOU
NOTHING!







THEY WONDER--**HIS FRIEND**--**HIS SERVANT**--THEY WONDER, WHY THIS SENSELESS DEATH OF GREAT MAN--BUT NOT LONG--SOON THEY WILL READ THE DARK NOTES OF THE MAN CALLED JEKYLL--AS HE WRITES THE STORY OF A THING CALLED HYDE--THIS STORY ENDS IN A DEATH--THE NEXT--IN A FUTURE ISSUE--STARTS WITH A BIRTH--AS WE REVEAL THOSE LETTERS OF DR. HENRY JEKYLL--IN A MACABRE TALE ONLY A MADMAN WOULD KNOW...AND TELL!



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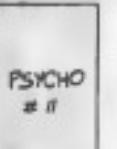
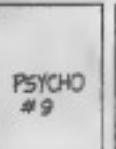
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ON SALE
AUG 26ON SALE
NOV 30

...INSIDE PSYCHO AND NIGHTMARE THERE LURKS A MAD-EMOTIONAL THING THAT GRABS HOLD OF YOUR ALMIGHTY ANONYMOUS ALL AND TWISTS IT... BENDS IT... POSSESSES YOUR BRAIN... BUT... YOU ALREADY KNOW THAT DON'T YOU?... THE PEN SHAKES IN YOUR HAND... YOUR MIND TREMBLES... BUT YOU HAVE TO DO IT NOW... MAKE THAT ORDER NOW... BECAUSE TOMORROW YOU MAY BE TOO LATE... AND YOU WILL SIMPLY SHUDDER AND COLLAPSE INTO CHAOS... FOR WHO ON THIS GROTESQUE GREEN EARTH CAN LIVE WITHOUT THESE?

MIND
IMPLODING

BACK-ISSUES



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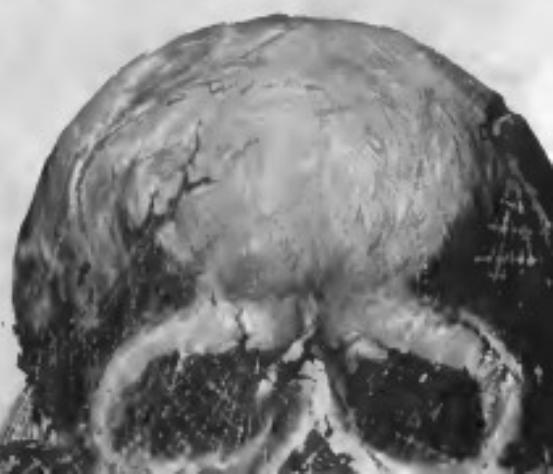
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WE
MAKE YOU FAR FRIGHTENING
CHRONICLE COLLECTOR, THESE FAR-FETCHED
FREAK, FRAUDSTANT FANTASIES ARE SELLING
OUT FAST...KEEP YOUR COLLECTION COMPLETE.
SEND IN YOUR CRUMBLING CASH NOW TO:

SKYWALD BACK-ISSUES Rm. 801
16 EAST 41st NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017



PERHAPS THE WORLD'S MOST DEPRAVED PERFORMANCE IS THE FAMOUS INDIAN ROPE TRICK-- FEW PEOPLE OF THE WESTERN WORLD HAVE EVER WITNESSED IT-- FEW KNOW HOW IT WORKS OR WHY-- NOW YOU ARE ABOUT TO LEARN ITS SECRET-- BUT BEFORE YOU DO-- WE GIVE YOU SERIOUS WARNING BEFORE YOU READ A SINGLE WORD-- LOOK AT A SINGLE PICTURE-- BRACE YOURSELF-- FOR THIS BRUTAL AND INHUMAN PERFORMANCE YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS IS NOT JUST A "STORY"-- IT'S--

a MACABRE fact of life:

THE INDIAN ROPE TRICK

THE PLACE: A HINDU VILLAGE IN SOME REMOTE PROVINCE OF INDIA.

THE TIME: ANY UNFORTUNATE DAY YOU MIGHT WISH TO PICK?

THE SETTING: A TIGHTLY FORMED CIRCLE AROUND A PAIR



THE PERFORMANCE: YOU WATCH AS THE MAGICIAN SETS OUT A SMALL BASKET ON THE GROUND-- YOU LISTEN AS HE CHATTERS ENDLESSLY, INCESSANTLY IN COLLOQUIAL HINDUSTANI, EXPLAINING IN MINUTE DETAIL HIS ACTIONS TO THOSE WHOSE EYES ARE RIVETTED UPON HIM. FROM THE BASKET HE TAKES AN INCH THICK ROPE ABOUT 12-15 FEET LONG-- HE FLICKS IT INTO THE AIR WITH HIS HAND-- IT BECOMES RIGID AND HARD-- HE PLACES ONE END ON THE GROUND AND THE OTHER, IN THE AIR-- SUSPENDED BY ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! SUDDENLY A YOUNG BOY APPEARS FROM NOWHERE AND CLIMBS THE ROPE-- DISAPPEARING INTO A GREY FOREIGN MIST AT ITS SUMMIT--



THEN THE FAKIR HIMSELF CLIMBS
THE ROPE AND DISAPPEARS INTO
THE STRANGE MIST ALSO--



--YOU WATCH, MORRIFIED AS
THE BOY'S SEVERED ARM FALLS
--THEN HIS LEG AND HIS HAND
AND HIS FOOT--



--FINALLY THE FAKIR RE-APPEARS
CARRYING THE DECAPITATED HEAD
WHICH HE WAVES BEFORE YOU!

YOU WATCH--LISTEN--
HE GATHERS THE REMAINS
AND PACKS THEM INTO A
HORRID BUNDLE--THEN
WITH HIS RAZOR SHARP
KIKRI DEFILES WHAT IS
LEFT OF THE BOY'S REMAINS
--HE DRIVES THE SULLEN
STEEL SHAFT INTO THE
BLOODY HEAP AND YOU
GASP--GASP FOR AIR--
FOR WHAT YOU AND
YOUR COMPANIONS
HAVE WITNESSED HAS
BEEN BOTAL--SENSLESS
EVIL!



SUDDENLY THE MOOD
CHANGES--THE MAGICIAN
WAVES HIS HAND AND
THE ROPE COLLAPSES--THE CLOTH BEGINS TO
RISE OF ITS OWN ACCORD--LARGER, SWELLING
LIKE A BALLOON--TO REVEAL THE SMILING BOY--
UNARMED AND **ALIVE!**

THE EXPLANATION: ONE MAN IN
THE CROWD DID NOT SEE WHAT HIS
COMPANIONS DID--INSTEAD HE "SAW"
ONLY THE CROWD REACTING STRANGELY
TO A FAKIR WAVING HIS ARMS AND
SHOUTING--TELLING THE CROWD
WHAT WAS GOING ON--MISS HYPNOTIZING
THEM! THIS IS WHY THIS MAN SAW
NOTHING--THE WESTERNER--ONE OF US--
FOR WHO AMONG US IS SUSCEPTIBLE
TO AUTO-SUGGESTION--IF IT'S MADE IN
FLUENT COLLOQUIAL HINDUSTANI?

NOW CAN WE "SEE"--
--WITHOUT EARS TO HEAR!

**THE
END**

IT IS TOO LATE NOW AND THROUGH A SHIMMERING HAZE OF FROST-RIMMED HORROR THE GIRL REALIZES IT, WITH INEXORABLE CONVICTION. LIKE SO MANY OTHERS IN THIS PERIOD OF FRANCE'S ERRATIC AND OFTEN BLOOD-SPLATTERED HISTORY, THE UNSPEAKABLE TRAUMA'S OF INSURRECTION, COUNTER-INSURRECTION, TERRORIZMS, AND THE SWIFT DESCENT OF THE GUILLOTINE HAVE BYSSSED THIS GIRL -- AND SO SHE HAS NEVER RAISED A PALTRING VOICE OF PROTEST AGAINST THE ULTIMATE IN ATROCITIES. BUT NOW SHE IS A VICTIM, OF A DIFFERENT--PET SIMILAR--ATROCITY, AND NOW SHE FULLY EMBRACES THE PREGNANT MEANING OF THE WORD **FEAR**, AND WORSE, THE RAZOR-EDGED MEANING OF **PAIN**--A HORRENDOUS PAIN WHICH SPILLS HER BLOOD, AND HER BEAUTY...

BEAUTY IS ONLY BLOOD DEEP

NO! NOOOOO!
I'VE NEVER DONE
ANYTH--EEEEE!

IT'LL DO.
NO GOOD, REALLY, YOU
KNOW, STRUGGLING, THAT IS. NO,
NO GOOD AT ALL. STRUGGLING ONLY
FORCES THE BLADE DEEPER, YES,
DEEPER. AM I RIGHT, COUNTERSA?
IS YOUR SERVANT NOT
RIGHT?

STILL HER
WAGGING TONGUE, MORDE, IT
IS COMMON KNOWLEDGE YOU ARE
A FOOL -- YOU NEED NOT DEMONSTRATE
IT EVERY SECOND OF YOUR MISERABLE
LIFE. STILL HER BLOOD QUICKLY--IT
IS TIME...MY BEAUTY WAIVES
WITH THE HOUR.

THE CONTORTIONS OF ANGUILLED PAIN RELAX FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL'S FACE, AND HER PRESENT KICKING CEASES LONG BEFORE THE LAST OF HER BLOOD IS PUMPED INTO THE EXQUISITELY CARVED BATHTUB. THE DWARF MORDE IS ANXIOUS TO PLEASE HIS MISTRESS, AND FOLLOWS THE USUAL PROCEDURE OF HOISTING THE LIMP CORPSE OVER HIS SWIMMING SHOULDER.



THE BATH IS WARAP, AND THICK, COMFORTING
TO THE COUNTESSA'S SKIN, BUT EVEN THE
VISCOITY OF THIS HELLISH BATH LIQUID
CANNOT MATCH THE THICK DETERMINATION
WHICH FORSES A MADMAN'S RESOLVE...



BUT THE BLOOD
MUST REPLENISH MY
BEAUTY QUICKLY, NO LONGER
CAN I WIDE THE DISAPPEARANCE
OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS UNDER THE
PRETENSE OF THE GUILLOTINE...
THE PEOPLE, AND THE
GOVERNMENT, BECOME
WISE -- THOSE WHO DIE
UNDER THE GUILLOTINE DO
SO IN PUBLIC DISPLAYS AS
EXAMPLES, BUT THE
GIRLS MORDE ABDUCTS
ARE NEVER SEEN
UPON THE PLATFROM...



AUSTRALIA THEY
SPEAK OF THE VAMPIRE IN
THE CASTLE, AND THE EXPERIENCE
OF REVOLT IS FRESH IN THEIR MINDS:
HOW LONG BEFORE THEY TAKE UP
ARMS AND FIRE-BANDS IN THEIR
MARCH UPON MY CASTLE?

THE WHISPERING RUSTLE OF THE ELEGANT ROBE
SLIDES OVER THE COUNTESSA'S SKIN--SKIN WHICH IS NO
LONGER BUZZED WITH THE CONSISTENCY OF SHEER SATIN,
WHICH IS INSTEAD DRIVING LIKE AGED PARCHMENT AND
BEGGINING TO CRACK LIKE SAWDUST.



I SHALL NOT LOSE
MY BEAUTY, IN MY YOUTH, MY
BEAUTY OWNED THIS CASTLE FOR
ME, SECURED ME WEALTH, INFLUENCE,
POWER, NOW THOSE IN THE NEW
REGIME SPURN ME, JUDGE ME OLD
AND UNDESIRABLE, IT IS NO CONCERN
THAT THE DWINDLING OF MY BEAUTY
RUNS PARALLEL TO THEIR FADING
INTEREST IN ME, AND ALSO
PROPOSES A FADING
OF MY POWER.

SURELY, THE COUNTESSA BELIEVES, THE
BEAUTY IN THE SLAIN GIRL'S BLOOD HAS
HAD SUFFICIENT TIME TO SOAK THROUGH
THE FOKES OF HER OWN BODY. NOW IS
THE TIME TO COMPLETE THE GHASTLY RITUAL
TO DRINK THE BLOOD SO THAT ITS
EFFECTIVENESS WORKS FROM WITHIN AS
WELL AS WITHOUT...

THE BLOOD MUST
BE WORKING -- I AM STILL BEAUTIFUL,
NONE CAN DENY THAT -- BUT IT TAKES
TOO LONG, I CONTINUE TO AGE, I MUST
REVISE THE PROCESS -- FIND THE ONE
DETAIL I HAVE OVERLOOKED, THERE
MUST BE A WAY.



IS THERE EVER A MOMENT WHEN TIME CEASES TO PASS? FOR THE COUNTESSA, THE PASSING WEEKS HAVE BROUGHT ONLY THE RAUGES OF THE AGING PROCESS, AND FOR A SLUMBERING GIRL WHOSE FACE IS WREATHED IN WHISPERS OF GOLDEN TRESSAS IT HAS BROUGHT ONLY LONELINESS AND A VACUUM OF LOSES AND DESPAIR....

SHE AWAKENS, UNSPEAKABLY VULNERABLE WITHIN THE VAST CONFINES OF THIS ARCHED AND VAULTED ROOM.



THOUGH IMMENSE IT IS, THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL SOON REALIZES THAT WITHIN A FRESH SHE WAS AWAKENED....



...AND SITS UP ON THE LUXURANT COVERS OF A STRANGE BED... IN A STRANGE ROOM....



THIS...THIS
PLACE -- I'VE NEVER
SEEN SUCH A LARGE
ROOM LARGER THAN OUR
WHOLE CHALET. WHERE
AM I? WHERE CAN
I BE...?



LOCKED -- THE ONLY
DOOR..LOCKED, WHO?
WHO BROUGHT ME HERE?
WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED
LAST NIGHT? WHY CAN'T I
REMEMBER? DEAR GOD, WHAT
HAS HAPPENED TO ME?



WHERE AM I? HELP ME,
DEAR GOD! WHO
IS OUT THERE? WHY
AM I HERE?!

BUT AT LEAST I MAY LOOK OUTSIDE --
DETERMINE WHERE THIS PRISON IS LOCATED
MAYBE CALL OUT TO SOMEONE BELOW.

A WINDOW -- BUT TOO
HIGH TO REACH THAT CHEST
OF DRAWERS... IF I MOVE IT...
YES, IF I MOVE IT I MAY BE ABLE
TO REACH THE WINDOW AND IT WILL
DO ME NO GOOD. DOUBTLESS I AM
HIGH ABOVE THE GROUND, TOO HIGH
TO JUMP -- MY CAPTORS, WHOEVER
THEY ARE, WOULD NOT BE SO CARELESS.

BUT AS THE GIRL CLIMBERS UP THE BAROQUE
CHEST OF DRAWERS



A COLD WIND RIPS THROUGH THE OPENED
TRAP-DOOR, TEARS AT HER THIN DRESS,
EVELVING HER IN A SEVERE CHILL WHICH
CONFUSES THE GOOSEFLESH OF HER DREAD...

KNOWING
NOT WHAT
WAITS AT THE
FOOT OF THESE
RICKETY STAIRS, I
KNOW ONLY THAT I
CANNOT REMAIN
CASED IN THE ROOM
ABOVE, THE INTENT
AND PURPOSE OF
THE ROOM IS UNKNOWN
BUT THESE STAIRS OFFER
POSSIBILITIES WHICH
MAY NOT BE
MALICIOUS...

THIS OFFERS A FAR BETTER
CHANCE OF ESCAPE!

APPREHENSION GLOWS
THE GIRL'S THROAT,
FORCES BREATH IN
SHORT GASSPS OF
TIMID EXPECTATION.
THE BELIEF IN ESCAPE
BOLSTERS HER
COURAGE
AND A PROBING, TESTING
FOOT REACHES THE
GLOOM-SHROUDED
BOTTOM OF THE
STAIRWAY...

DARK... BUT
MY EYES WILL ADJUST
TO THE GLOOM. THERE ARE
CORRIDORS, ONE OF THEM
PERHAPS A PATHWAY TO
ESCAPE...



STANDING BEFORE THE
HONEY-COMBED MATRIX
OF TUNNELS, THE
UNPREDICTABLE BLACKNESS
WRAPS ITSELF AROUND THE
UNCERTAIN GIRL LIKE A
CLOAK OF LIQUID ICE...



...CHOOSE THE LARGEST CORRIDOR. IF ITS SIZE DOES INDEED INDICATE THE IMPORTANCE OF ITS DESTINATION, THEN I MAY ONLY HOPES THAT THE IMPORTANCE OF IT WILL LIE IN MY FAVOR AND NOT... IN THE OPPOSITIVE.

...BUT WHICH ONE? LOGIC MAY NOT FIGURE INTO A CHOICE OF RANDOM DECISIONS. BUT I CANNOT IGNORE THE FACT THAT SOMETHING IMPELS ME TO...

WITE LOOKING UNKNOWN IN THE
RECESSES OF THE CAVERNOUS LABYRINTH,
THE GIRL WINDS HER HELPLESS WAY THROUGH THE
SEEMINGLY INTERMINABLE TWISTS AND TURNS OF THE MAZE-
LINE CORRIDOR, RATS SCUTTLE AND CHITTER FROM HER
RESISTANT STEP, FOR SOME REASON CHOOSING TO SPARE HER
FROM THEIR VENOMOUS BITE; NIGHTBLACK BATS FLAP AND
SOAR ABOVE HER HEAD, LEATHERY WINGS BRUSHING
AGAINST HER FINGERING FINGERS...

GOD HELP ME FOR BEING OVERJOINED AT ENCOUNTERING THESE VERMIN OF THE PIT -- BUT THEIR PRESENCE PROVES A LINK BETWEEN THIS CORRIDOR AND THE OUTSIDE!



AND AT LAST THE SERPENTINE TUNNEL BREAKS INTO A CAVERNOUS ROOM. THE GIRL QUICKENS HER STEPS THROUGH THE LAST FEW YARDS OF THE SERPENT'S BOWELS AND EMERGES FROM ITS MOUTH.—



THE MASSIVE OAK DOOR RESISTS HER DEBONATE
TOUCH, SQUEALS IN PROTEST AT HER INCREASED
EFFORT, AND RELUCTANTLY GRATES UPON ITS
HINGERS.

"IT IS NOT THE
OUTSIDE -- DAYLIGHT IS
STILL SHUT FROM ME. BUT
THE DOOR -- PERHAPS IT IS
THE LAST BARRIER TO
SALVATION....



A PETID, PUNGENT CARNELIAN HOUSE
SWEETSSENT ISSUES FROM THE
OPENING DOOR, BRUTALLY ASSAILED
THE GIRL'S DILATED HOSTILE, AND
HER SENSES SHRIVEL IN SHRINING
HORROR AT THE SIGHT WHICH
CONFRONTS HER. DISTENDED EYES,
FIRST WITH REVULSION, THEN WITH
NUMBED COMPREHENSION SHE LOOKS
UPON THE GRISLY CORPSES, SOME
ROTTING IN MOLDIERED TATTERS OF
CHINE - BEAUTIFUL FLESH, SOME BARLY
DEAD AND BEAUTIFUL IN A MACABRE
WAY, AND ALL OF THEM FEMININE...



LIVE GLASS BROKEN IN RESERVE HER MEMORY
COLLECTS UPON ITSELF GATHERING A GROWING
PATTERN OF SIGNIFICANCE, AND ULTIMATELY
MOLDING INTO A SYMBOLIC PAST...

I REMEMBER NOW -- REMEMBER
YESTERDAY. THE DAY I WAS FINALLY
CERTAIN MY SISTER HAD BEEN
RIDNAPPED, TWO WEEKS IS LONG ENOUGH
FOR ANY SOURCE OF CERTAINTY. I REMEMBER
MY ANGER, AND MY WORDS SHOUTED FROM
THAT PITIFUL PODIUM...

LISTEN TO ME PEOPLE!
MY SISTER HAS BEEN STOLEN
FROM ME -- JUST AS YOUR
SISTERS, WIVES, AND DAUGHTERS
HAVE BEEN STOLEN FROM YOU!
MY SISTER DID NOT WANT TO
ANGER THE NEW REGIME -- AND
SHE WAS NOT SEEN ON THE
GULLOTINE.

DEAR GOD
IN HEAVEN, NOW I
KNOW -- NOW I KNOW WHY I
HAVE BEEN ABDUCTED AND
TAKEN HERE . . . AND THE
KNOWLEDGE IS MORE THAN
I CAN BEAR -- MORE THAN
ANYONE CAN BE ASKED
TO BEAR!

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOMEONE IN THE AUDIENCE WHICH CONGREGATED AROUND MY WORDS-- SOMEONE FROM THE CASTLE, A SERVANT, LACKEY, WHATEVER... BUT SOMEONE WHO WOULD BRING NEWS TO...

THE COUNTESSA! SHE IS THE ONE WHO ABDUCTED MY SISTER-- FOR HER GHASTLY RITES! SHE IS THE ONE WHO HAS ABDUCTED YOUR GIRLS! HOW LONG ARE WE TO WAIT? HOW MANY MORE GIRLS MUST BE VICTIMS OF THE HORRIBLE RITUALS WITHIN THAT DEPRAVED CASTLE? WHEN DO WE DO SOMETHING???

'AND I REMEMBER HOW THE CROWD FAILED TO RESPOND -- AND THEREBY GAVE VENT TO MY DESPONDENCE, A WAVE OF BITTER HELPLESSNESS WHICH I ATTEMPTED TO DROWN IN THE GLIMMER OF DRINK...'.



AND DROWN MY THOUGHTS I DID -- AT LEAST CONSCIOUSLY, BUT DEEP WITHIN ME SEETHED THE URGENT DESIRE TO RID THE WORLD OF THE DIABOLICAL COUNTESSA. THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS STAGGERING FROM THE TAVERN, AND PASSING A GRIMESQUE FACE...



THE MEMORIES HALT THEN, WHERE DRINK HAD ENDED THEM, AND CONJECTURE IS THE BRUSH WHICH ADMINISTERS THE FINAL STROKES TO THE PICTURE OF DRINKING TERROR...

I MUST HAVE WANDERED DRUNK -- UNTIL THE COUNTESSA OR HER HENCHMEN CAPTURED AND IMPRISONED ME IN THAT... OH NO--!

I WAS RIGHT! THE FOOLS WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME!!



MY SISTER, OH, MY SISTER! YOU HAVE DIED IN VAIN FOR THE TWISTED DELUSIONS OF A MADWOMAN! WOULD THAT I COULD AVENGE YOUR DEATH-- BUT NOW, I FEAR I WILL SOON JOIN YOU, DEAR SISTER, IN WHATEVER HEREAFTER DESTINY HOLDS FOR US...



BUT THE PRIMITIVE SENSE OF SELF-PRESERVATION SEIZES THE GRIEVING GIRL, AND COMPELLED HER TO GRASP AT THE TENACIOUS FIBERS OF HER LIFE, ON TREMBLING LEGS, SHE BACKS FROM THE APPALLING SIGHT OF HER DEAD SISTER, INTO THE OUTER CHAMBER, INTO DANGER...

AND YET, MY SLAIN SISTER,
THERE MAY STILL BE A WAY TO
ESCAPE THIS DEATH PIT--AND
RETURN ANOTHER DAY TO
ACHIEVE THE RETRIBUTION I
SO LUST FOR... PERHAPS ONE
OF THE OTHER CORRIDORS
WILL...



THE REPUGNANT FEATURES OF THE TWISTED DWARF STRIKE A CHORD OF THROBBING PANIC WITHIN THE GIRL'S HEAVING BREAST. ABRUPTLY, SHE SPINS AND BOLTS DOWN THE SINUOUSLY WINDING CORRIDOR... WITH THE DWARF IN SCRABBLING PURSUIT...

...LEAD YOU TO MORDE, HYEH HYEH, ALL CORRIDORS LEAD TO MORDE. I AM MORDE. I SERVE THE BELOVED COUNTESS. I PRESERVE HER BEAUTY WITH MY SKILLFUL HANDS. MORDE IS SKILLFUL. MORDE IS SMART. YOU ESCAPED THE ROOM ABOVE. YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE MORDE.

YOU!
IN THE TAVERN--!
YOU ABDUCTED ME!



NO! YOU WON'T DO TO ME WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MY SISTER -- I'LL ESCAPE -- RALLY THE PEOPLE -- BURN THIS DEMENTED CASTLE 'TO THE GROUND.'

...THE RAKING FIRE OF CRACKED, FILTHY TALONS AND THE BRUISING IMPACT OF TWISTING LIMBS COLLISIONS WITH THE CORRIDOR FLOOR...

HYEH HYEH,
NOW, MY
LITTLE
PRETTY
ONE, NOW
YES,
RIGHT
NOW, I
THINK, YOU
SHALL MEET
THE COUNTESSA

SHE WISHES HER
BATH, HYEH
HYEH.



AFTER A SUBJECTIVE ETERNITY OF HELPLESS JOURNEYING UPON THE DWARF'S SHOULDER, AFTER BEING BORNE UP STAIRWAY AFTER INTERMINABLE STAIRWAY, AFTER THE CEASELESS CACKLING OF A DERANGED MANIAC, THE GIRL IS SET ON HER FEET BEFORE THE CRUEL COUNTESSA...

HERE IS THE ONE, BELOVED COUNTESSA
HERE IS THE ONE WHO WOULD KILL YOU, I
HEARD HER, HYEH, HYEH, I HEARD HER IN
THE VILLAGE MYSELF, AND ISN'T IT GOOD
COUNTESSA, ISN'T IT EVER SO GOOD THAT
HER BEAUTY SURPASSES

ALL OF THE
OTHERS?

YES MORDE
IT IS GOOD -- BUT
THIS ONE WILL BE
DIFFERENT THIS ONE WILL
MORE -- THE BEAUTY OF THIS
ONE WILL BE EFFECTIVELY
TRANSMUTED INTO MY BLOOD



PUT AWAY THAT KNIFE, YOU STUPID FOOL! IF YOUR UNLIKENESS
UGLINESS DID NOT CONTRAST SO WELL WITH MY BEAUTY I WOULD
KILL YOU IMMEDIATELY! THIS ONE'S BEAUTY MUST NOT BE MARRED
BY THE KNIFE -- AT LEAST NOT YET, I SAID THIS ONE WOULD BE
DIFFERENT...



THE LIFE OF THIS ONE MUST NOT LEAVE HER BODY WITH
HER BLOOD -- THE BEAUTY ESCAPES THAT WAS, AND THE
BLOOD IS USELESS TO ME. THIS ONE MUST DIE WITH
HER BLOOD STILL INADE THE VESSEL OF HER PERFECT
FORM. THERE MUST NOT BE ONE TINY FLAW UPON HER.
BODY HOW TAKE HER AWAY -- KILL HER -- BUT DO
NOT MARK HER?



YOU'RE MAD! YOU CANNOT TRANSMIT BEAUTY FROM ONE
PERSON TO ANOTHER. BEAUTY LIVES WITHIN A PERSON --
BUT NOT IN THE BLOOD! IT IS DEEPER WITHIN THAN THAT. YOU
EMBODY EVERYTHING VILE WHICH BEAUTY SPURNS -- YET
EVEN THOUGH I WILL DIE NOW FOR YOUR MAD
ENDS, KNOW THIS -- I WILL CURSE
YOU WITH MY DYING BREATH AND
LAMENT THAT I COULD NOT END
YOUR DEPRAVED EXISTENCE!



TAKE HER AWAY.
MORDE. SHE SICKENS ME WITH
HER INSOLENCE, STRANGLE HER
OR SOMETHING. BUT DO NOT
BRUISE HER NECK -- KILL HER, ANY
WAY YOU CAN -- BUT DO NOT
MAR HER...

AND SO THE DWARF MURDERS THE GIRL, AND
SHE DIES SUFFERING MORE FROM THE FACT THAT
THE COUNTESSA WILL LIVE THAN FROM THE
ACTUAL PAIN OF DEATH. HER CORPSE IS BROUGHT
TO THE COUNTESSA'S CHAMBER. HER THROAT
SLASHED, AND HER BLOOD SPILLED INTO THE
GILDED TUB, THE COUNTESSA BATHES...

YOU DID WELL, MORDE. SHE DIED WITHOUT
A WOUND.



THE COUNTESSA CUPS HER
AGING HANDS, BENDS TO
SIP THE WARM SCARLET
FLUID...

HYEH, HYEH. YOU WILL BE PROUD OF ME,
COUNTESSA. I WAS SMART, OH, SO SMART
I DID NOT MARK HER. I USED POISON, FOR
THE RATS -- IT WAS VERY EFFECTIVE. IT
WAS, IT TRAVELED THROUGH HER
BLOODSTREAM TO HER HEART QUICKLY,
VERY QUICKLY, HYEH, HYEH!

MORDE -- THIS BLOOD
TASTES... DIFFERENT... WHAT
DO YOU DO -- HOW DID
YOU KILL HER?



F-POISON...
ACHHHH...
GGGAAGGGK

THIS TIME
WILL BE
DIFFERENT --
I CAN SENSE IT.
THIS WILL BE THE
LAST TIME I WILL
BREATHE AND DRINK
IN THE BLOOD OF
PODULUS YOUNG
GIRLS...

AND THE LETHAL DOSE OF POISON
REMAINED IN THE GIRL'S BLOOD
FOR THE COUNTESSA TO DRINK.
THE GIRL'S MOST FERVENT DESIRE
NOW ACHIEVED BY HER VERY DEATH,
DOES NOT BRING THE EXULTATION
OF TRIUMPH TO THE MUTE CORPSE
LYING ON THE MARBLE FLOOR...

BUT IN SOME OTHER, UNKNOWN
PLACE TWO SISTERS
SHARE A SECRET AND
ARE VERY SATISFIED THEY
SMILE...

IT IS SAID THAT THERE IS "SAFETY IN NUMBERS"--SAFETY FROM WHAT? SAFETY FROM THE UNNAMEABLE TORMENT! DRAWING AT THAT POOR WRETCH'S NERVE ENDS... LOOK AT HIM AS HE IS PLAGUED--LINE THAT SHATTERED REMNANT OF HUMANITY HE IS--INTO THE HOSPITAL, WHERE INDEED HE WILL FACE MORE THAN THE EYE NOW SEES--MUCH MORE... IN THE RIDDLE OF LIFE AND UNDEATH WE CALL...

EDITOR'S NOTE:
THIS STORY HAS TO GO DOWN AS ONE OF THE MOST GROTESQUE, HORRIFIC TALES EVER WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED. FEEL IT. CHOOSE A POSITION THAT MADE US READ IT THROUGHLY, AND SO, WE WANT TO SHARE IT WITH YOU!

COUNTY HOSPITAL

LIMP FROM LIMP FROM DEATH

SAFE THOUGH ALL
SAFETY'S LOST, SAFE
WHERE EVEN HELL
AND IF THESE
POOR LIVERS
ARE SAFEST
OF ALL, IT'S
THREE FOUR LIMBS
TO BORE, WHETHER
ON THE HARD BOMBARD
THE MIDDLE EAST OR
IN HIS LOST LIMBS...



PABLO MARTE

AND SO STARTS OUR TALE OF THE AGONIZING HORROR OF UNSPEAKABLE PANIC THAT GRIPS MEN'S HEARTS AND RIPS FROM THEM ALL VESTIGE OF ORDER AND SANITY: THREE MEN, MAROONED ON THE PROVERBIAL DESERT ISLAND MINUS THE ISLAND... AND TO THEM... AT MOST ALL IS LOST...



FACE IT, WE'RE
RANDELL, WHAT WAS TO
BE A PLEASANT EXPEDITION
IN OUR VACATION TURNED
OUT TO CAUSE OUR DEATH!

THAT WINDSTORM
THAT SUDENLY BLEW UP,
RIPPED UP OUR CAMP SITE,
NOW WE'VE NO GAS LEFT--
NO FOOD...WE'RE
DEAD MEN...DEAD IN
THE MIDDLE OF THE
SAHARA DESERT!

SO WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

WHAT DO WE DO...NOTHING... JUST SIT AND WAIT. MAYBE A RESCUE PLANE WILL COME OUT LOOKING FOR US...

WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING... WE CAN'T JUST LIE HERE WAITING TO DIE... HELPLESS!

BUT WE ARE HELPLESS. WHAT A WAY TO DIE...WE HARDLY EVEN KNOW ONE ANOTHER...

UNTIL JUST A FEW DAYS AGO WHEN WE MET IN THAT HOTEL LOBBY IN CHILO AND DECIDED TO MAKE THIS INSANE TRIP ACROSS A RUGBY DESERT!!

NOBODY THOUGHT IT WAS INSANE AT THE TIME... WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF THAT ARCHEOLOGICAL FIND 100 MILES NORTH OF HERE

WE WERE ALL OF US INTERESTED IN IT. WE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE INTERESTING TO VISIT IT...

THIS... SO CALLED REMINISCENCE ISN'T GOING TO DO ANY GOOD. WE NEED FOOD... WE NEED FOOD... OR WELL STARVING

BUT THERE IS A WAY GENTLEMEN... THERE IS ONE WAY...

AND THAT IS... WE CAN EAT OURSELVES!

BUT WE'RE NOT NATIVES... AND WE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THESE SUDDEN SANDSTORMS... IT CRAPPIED US... TOOK OUR FOOD LIKE A TORNADO TWISTER. GOD KNOWS WHERE IT IS NOW!!

WE'VE BEEN TALKING LIKE THIS FOR THREE DAYS NOW. THERE'S NO ANSWER...

YOU'RE INSANE... YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY INSANE!

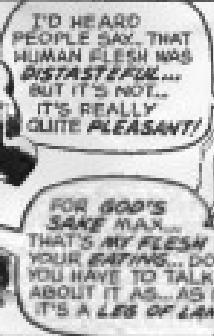
WAIT A MINUTE... HERE HIM OUT... HE'S A DOCTOR. REMEMBER MAX? HE MAY HAVE A WAY!



AND SO AN AGREEMENT
IS SET BETWEEN THE
DOCTOR AND HIS
"PATIENTS"... THEY
DRAW STRAWS TO SEE
WHO WILL GO FIRST...
WHO WILL BE THE
FIRST TO LOSE A ~~LEG~~
AND IT IS THE BAD
FORTUNE OF THE MAN
CALLED EDGAR WILDE
FOR IT TO BE HIM...



...AND SO, SOME HOURS LATER...

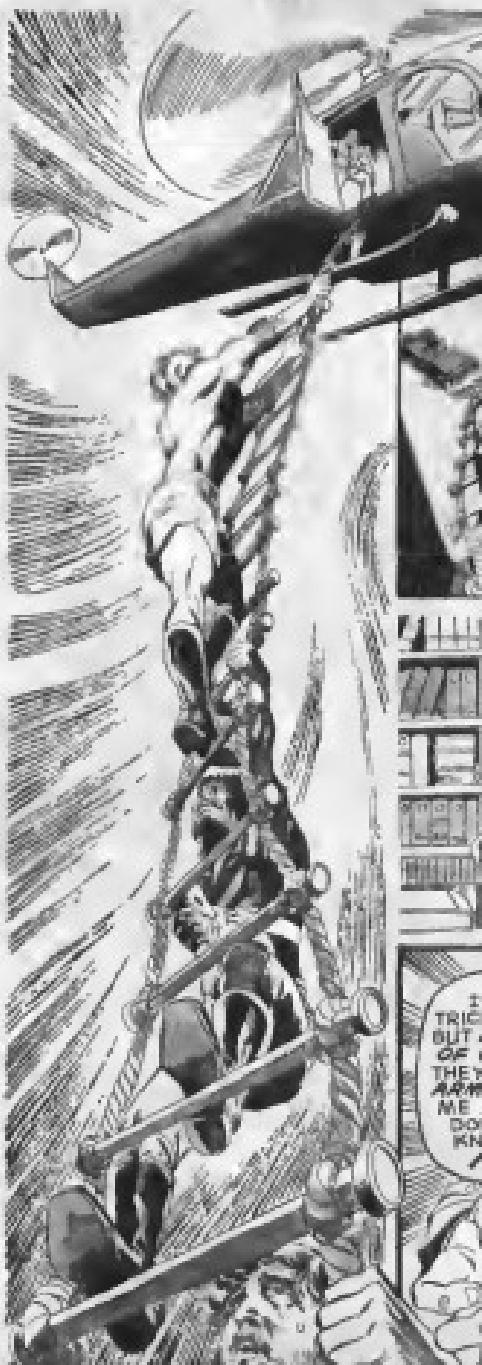


WELL... I AT LEAST HAVE ONE CONSOLATION... AT LEAST IT WORKED... IT'S BEEN TWO DAYS SINCE SINCE MY ARMS BEEN OFF AND WE'RE STILL ALIVE... WE SHOULD BE DEAD!

BUT NOW WE'RE DOWN TO LICKING THE BONE... NOW WE NEED ANOTHER ARM!

AND IT IS TIME AGAIN... MAXWELL SQUIRMS. HE SAW THE AGONY OF WILDE AS HIS ARM WAS REMOVED. HE SAW THE DOCTOR SWAB A PINT OF BLOOD AS IT DUSHED FROM THE WOUND. HE KNOWS... HE KNOWS THAT HE IS NEXT!





IT'S A MIRACLE...
A BLOODY
MIRACLE!

I NEVER
THOUGHT... I
REALLY NEVER...
HONESTLY...
THOUGHT WE'D
BE SAVED!

BUT THIS
DOESN'T
CHANGE THINGS
STEWART... NOT
FOR YOU...

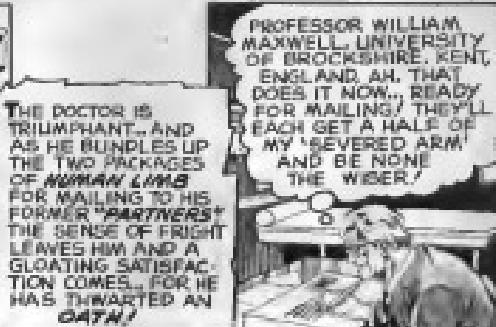
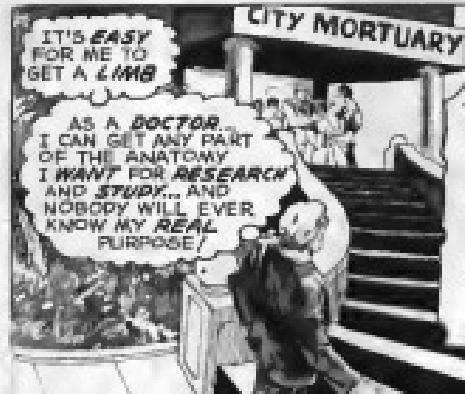


"...NOT FOR YOU... YOU
SHOULD TO US...
REMEMBER? WE WANT
THAT ARM... WE WANT
IT STEWART. DON'T
TRY AND SQUIRM
OUT OF IT!"
CRUEL WORDS.
UNCIVILIZED WORDS.
AREN'T THEY DOCTOR
FREDRICK STEWART?
NOW THAT YOU'RE
BACK IN YOUR
CIVILIZED BOSTON,
BUT YOU HAVE A
COMMITMENT TO
FULFILL... AND YOU'VE
BEEN GIVEN ONE PAPER!



I'VE GOT TO
TRICK THEM SOMEHOW.
BUT HOW? UNLESS...
OF COURSE... ALL
THEY WANT IS AN
ARM... THEY'LL NEVER SEE
ME AGAIN... THEY
DON'T HAVE TO
KNOW IT'S NOT
MY ARM!





-LIMB FROM LIMB... FROM A FATE FAR WORSE THAN DEATH INDEED... FOR IS IT NOT ALSO SAID THAT THE MAN WHO BREAKS HIS WORD AS A GENTLEMAN IS NO LONGER A MAN AT ALL... BUT A COWERING MOCKERY... A FRAUD OF HUMANITY? AND DOCTOR FREDRICK STEWART KNOWS THIS WELL... FOR IN PENNYING HIS MANHOOD, HE HIS DENYING ALSO HIS VERY SANITY!

HUGGU
UHH!

COUNTY HOSPITAL

ADMITTANCE
PSYCHIATRIC WARD

YEH... KEEPS RANTING ON AND ON ABOUT HIS ARM BEING SOME KIND OF BLOODY STUMP OR SOMETHING!

LOOK AT HIM... PERFECTLY SAME AND HEALTHY GUY YESTERDAY PROBABLY... MAYBE JUST SOME LITTLE THING DID THE TRICK... AND THE OLD MIND JUST... SNAPPED!

I'VE SEEN NUTS BEFORE... OFF THEIR HEADS... BUT THIS GUY'S A REAL LULU!

SNAPPED... LITTLE THINGS LIKE ARTERIES AND TENDONS AND VEINS AND TINY SLENDER LITTLE BONES AND LOTS OF LITTLE THINGS LIKE THAT AND... SNAP!

THE END



IT IS WELL AFTER MIDNIGHT. THE SEARING METAL SHADE ON HIS READING LAMP MOMENTARILY BURNS JOSEPH ELLIOT'S FINGERS AS HE DROWSILY CLOSES HIS STUDY BOOKS ON OCEANOGRAPHY, FLICKS OFF THE LIGHT, AND GROPS HIS WAY ACROSS THE ROOM TO THE COOL INVITING COVERS OF HIS BED. AH-SLEEP...BEAUTIFUL, WELL EARNED SLEEP—LAST MINUTE CRAMMING FOR EXAMS HAS MADE EVERY BONE IN HIS TOUGH YOUNG FRAME ACHIE WITH PAIN AND YEARN FOR SLEEP... SLEEP...AND THESE ARE HIS DREAMS...

the **NIGHTMARE** WORLD

of JOSEPH ELLIOT
from SAN FRANCISCO

"A Drove Beneath the Sea!"

BY JOSEPH ELLIOT AS TOLD TO ALAN HEWETSON — ART BY PAYNE
THE SECOND SELECTION IN A CONTINUING SKYWALD FEATURE WHERE YOU ARE THE WRITER...
YOU ARE THE DREAMER...AS WE TELL THE STORY OF YOUR...NIGHTMARE WORLD!

I HAD ALWAYS BEEN INTERESTED IN THE SCIENCE OF THE SEA, AND WAS CURRENTLY STUDYING IT IN SCHOOL--NOW I FOUND MYSELF LIVING OUT MY DAY-DREAMS--AS THE WATERS SWIRLED OVER MY HEAD

I FOUND MYSELF ON THE DECK OF A SMALL SCOTTISH VESSEL ON THE FAMOUS LOCH NESS...PREPARING TO DIVE IN A BELL BEHNEATH THE DEPTHS...

I MARVELLED AT THE MAJESTY OF THE OCEAN LIFE, RELATING MY KNOWLEDGE FROM BOOKS TO THE REAL THINGS...SUDDENLY A DARK CLOUD OVERSHADOWED THE BELL...MY HEART LEAPED INTO MY STOMACH...

THE THING THAT CAME INTO VIEW COULD BE NOTHING OTHER THAN THE LOCH NESS MONSTER ITSELF...IT WAS GIGANTIC...SOME KIND OF MUTANT SEAL HUNDREDS OF FEET LONG...

MY DIVING BELL LURCHED AND BOUNCED IN THE WAVES, SLASHING THE AIR

ITS TEETH SLICED THROUGH THE TRICK STEEL COATING OF THE BELL...MISSING ME BY A FEW INCREDIBLE INCHES...

AS THE
WATERS RUSHED
INTO THE CAVITY MY
CRYING LUNGS GASPED
FOR AIR...



I COULD
DO NOTHING
AND SCREAM
AND SCREAM
AS THE
MONSTER OPENED ITS
MOUTH...WELCOME JAWS TO
LUNCH...ME



BUT I WAS NOT SWALLOWED...
NOR DID I DROWN... NIGHTMARES
NAME NO RHYME OR REASON...



NO...NO SUCH MERCIFUL FATE WAS TO BE MINE... INSTEAD THE MONSTER CRAWLED ON THE OCEAN FLOOR... I NOTICED FOR THE FIRST TIME A KIND OF SADDLE UPON ITS NECK... IF IT CAN BE SAID IT HAD A NECK...



AT THE
ENTRANCE TO
ITS LAIR, 4
GROTESQUE OFF-
SPRING SLITHERED AND
WRITHED... MY GOD... WAS I
TO BE A MEAL FOR THEM?...



...AS I MOUNTED THE
SADDLE I FELT MOVEMENT
BEHIND ME... TO MY HORROR
I REALIZED THE SADDLE WAS A
HIDEOUS OCTOPUS... AND PULSATIS AS I CLOSER
TO MY GOD... THAT SUDDENLY
APPEARED IN
MY HANDS...

RIDING UPON
THE BACK OF
THE SEA SERPENT
UPON THAT VILE SADDLE!
PRAYED FOR DEATH—A FAST
DEATH—AN EASY DEATH—
AN IMMEDIATE DEATH IN A
GRAVE BENEATH THE SEA!

AFTER WHAT SEEMED HOURS THE MUTANT THING SURFACED—
AND MADE FOR A NEARBY BEACH WHERE STUNNED VILLAGERS
WATCHED IN DISBELIEF...

THE BEAST SLITHERED
UPON THE SHORE WITH
ME ASTRIDE HIM—BUT
THE VILLAGERS DID NOT
RUN—they were not
frightened of the
spectacle which
confronted them

RATHER...
THEY BROKE
INTO FITS OF
HYSTERIC LAUGHTER...

"WHO FANNED MY FIRE? I WAS BREATHING
IN SPITE OF MYSELF! IT WAS
NOT MY OWN FIRE, IT WAS
NOT MY OWN BREATH! IT WAS
NOT MY OWN BODY!"

The End



WHAT DOES YOUR BEDROOM LOOK LIKE? OR YOUR LIVING ROOM, OR DEN OR WHATEVER... IS IT DEVOID OF THE MAD-EMOTIONAL HORROR-MOOD? IT'S A SHAME... BECAUSE FOR A MERE FRACTION OF THE CHANGE YOU NOW HAVE IN YOUR POCKET YOU CAN DECORATE (AND DESECRATE) EVERY ROOM IN YOUR HOUSE WITH THESE ARCHAIC POSTERS FROM HOLLYWOOD'S YESTER-YEARS...

THE ORIGINAL LUGOSI DRACULA AND KARLOFF FRANKENSTEIN THEATER POSTERS CAN NOW BE YOURS... FOR ONLY \$1.50 APIECE (PLUS .50¢ POSTAGE AND HANDLING) THE GUY IN OUR MAIL ROOM (OR THE GAL IN OUR FEMALE ROOM) WILL SHIP THESE MAJESTIC MEMORY MOMENTS TO YOU (21" X 29" IN FULL COLOR) IN A CARDBOARD TUBE...

...THE TUBE IS ALMOST AS MUCH FUN AS THE POSTERS...

SKYWALD POSTERS RM 1501
1B EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

ENCLOSED IS \$..... FOR FRANKENSTEIN
 DRACULA

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

ZIP.....

MANIACAL Movie POSTERS

YOUR NAME
IS KAREN PAYNE.
YOU'RE A 23-
YEAR OLD, TALL,
ATTRACTIVE
BRUNETTE
WALKING HOME
WITH THE EVE-
NING RUSH...
THE SAME WAY
YOU'VE WALKED
A HUNDRED
TIMES BEFORE.
ONLY TONIGHT
WILL BE DIFFER-
ENT... TONIGHT
WHEN YOU
OPEN YOUR
APARTMENT
DOOR, YOU WILL
ENTER INTO
TERROR... A
TERROR YOU
WILL BE FORCED
TO FACE
COMPLETELY
AND
UNAVOIDABLY...

BRUCE JONES



BRUCE JONES



RI

ING!

GUESS I'D BETTER
GET IT...IT MIGHT
BE DAVID...

OH, COME
ON NOW!

HELLO, KARIN
STILL ALIVE? I
MY I THOUGHT
YOU'D BE DEAD
BY NOW...

WHOEVER THIS
IS I DON'T FIND
YOUR LITTLE GAME
FUNNY IN THE
LEAST AND IF YOU
CALL AGAIN I'LL
NOTIFY THE
POLICE.

THE POLICE?
THERE'S NOTHING
THE POLICE CAN
DO... THERE'S
NOTHING ANYONE
CAN DO... IN A
VERY FEW
MINUTES YOU'LL
BE DEAD!

-SHOCK-

HELLO?...
HE HUNG UP
AGAIN, I'D
BETTER CALL
DAVID...

HMM...
NO ANSWER...
HE MUST BE OUT
ON CALL...

OH WELL, NO
POINT IN BOTHERING
HIM OVER A STUPID
PHONE CALL
ANYWAY.

MAYBE IT WAS DAVID
PHONING, PLAYING A
PRACTICAL JOKE...NO, HE
WOULDN'T DO A THING
LIKE THAT...

...NOT TWO WEEKS
BEFORE HE
MARRIES ME.

TWO WEEKS...WHY
COULDN'T IT BE NOW,
DARLING? WHY COULDN'T
YOU BE HERE BESIDE ME...
HOLDING ME CLOSE...
M-M...

GIVE

RING! RING!
I WON'T I
ABSOLUTELY
WON'T ANSWER IT!
I KNOW WHO'S ON
THE OTHER END OF
THAT LINE...

...YES?



LORD, I'LL NEVER SLEEP NOW... I NEED A CIGARETTE...

WHAT WAS IT HE SAID... "THE GREAT KONAK"? HMM, KONAK, YES... THAT DOES RING A BELL...

...AND IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE THE GREAT KONAK!

KONAK... KONAK, NOW I REMEMBER! CHERYL BATTER'S PARTY A FEW MONTHS AGO! SHE HAD A ENTERTAINER THERE... A HYPNOTIST AND... AND...

THANK YOU, THANK YOU... BEFORE WE BEGIN THE DEMONSTRATION IN HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION, I'LL NEED A VOLUNTEER...

WOULD YOU MIND HELPING US, MURK...?
ME...?

"I WAS EMBARRASSED BUT CHERYL AND THE OTHERS KEPT INSISTING AND APPLAUDING TILL FINALLY I CONSENTED..."

"KONAK ASKED ME TO LIE UPON THE SOFA AND RELAX COMPLETELY, THEN HE MADE THE OTHER GUESTS LEAVE THE ROOM WHILE HE PUT ME UNDER..."

"WHEN WE WERE ALONE
HE HELD A CANDLE
ABOVE MY HEAD AND
TOLD ME TO WATCH
THE FLAME AND
LISTEN ONLY TO
HIS VOICE..."

"THAT WAS THE LAST
THING I REMEMBER
BEFORE KONAR
AWAKENED ME..."

"CHERYL TOLD ME LATER
ABOUT THE ILLUSIONS
HE CREATED WHILE I
WAS UNDER..."



I REMEMBER NOW... I HAD AN UNEASY FEELING THROUGH THE ENTIRE PARTY... KARIN KEPT STARING AT ME, WATCHING MY EVERY MOVE. HE MUST BE CRAZ--

STARTING TO REMEMBER NOW, KARIN?... THE PARTY, THE TRICKS? PERHAPS YOU ALSO REMEMBER SOMEONE ELSE, SOMEONE YOU KNEW QUITE WELL....

TONY SANDERS...

YOU... YOU KNEW TONY?

RIP-PI-ING!

I'M HIS BROTHER,
KARIN. OR WAS HIS
BROTHER, UNTIL
YOU--

OH, MY GOD!

BUT YOU WALKED OUT ON HIM DIDN'T YOU? MY BROTHER WAS IN MEDICAL SCHOOL... HE WAS GOING TO BE A FINE SURGEON SOME DAY, RESPECTED BY HIS FELLOW MAN. BUT YOU, YOU LITTLE TRAMP...

PLEASE... YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND...

*REMEMBER,
THE HEADLINES,
KARIN? MAN LEAPS TO DEATH FROM APARTMENT BUILDING—APPARENT SUICIDE. HE LOVED YOU, KARIN...

I UNDERSTAND ALL RIGHT... I'VE SPENT EVERY WAKING HOUR OF THE LAST SIX WEEKS FINDING OUT ALL ABOUT YOU... WHERE YOU LIVE, WHO YOUR FRIENDS ARE. I FINALLY FINAGLED MY WAY INTO THAT PARTY, YES, I'VE STUDIED HYPOGLYCEMIA FOR YEARS... AND NOW I'M ABOUT TO PULL OFF MY GREATEST ILLUSION...

...OTHER
SUGGESTION?

TODAY IS
AUG.
12

I PUT YOU IN
A DEEP TRANCE
WHEN THE OTHERS
WERE OUT OF
THE ROOM...VERY
DEEP! SO DEEP
THAT WHEN THE
TIME COMES YOU
WON'T BE ABLE TO
FIGHT THAT OTHER
POST HYPNOTIC
SUGGESTION!

AND WHEN
DURING THE COURSE
OF YOUR DAILY
ROUTINE, THAT
EXPERIENCE OCCURS
...YOU ARE GOING
TO KILL YOURSELF!

I TOLD YOU THEN
THAT YOU WERE GO-
ING TO EXPERIENCE
A VERY FAMILIAR
COMMONPLACE
OCCURRENCE ON AUGUST
12 TH... SOMETHING YOU
DO EVERY DAY WITHOUT
THINKING ABOUT IT, A
SIGHT, A SOUND, A
TOUCH...

NO!
NO!

STOP IT!
YOU'RE TRYING TO
FRIGHTEN ME! THAT'S ALL
...JUST FRIGHTEN ME!

OH SO...
WHAT IF IT'S
TRUE? IT COULD
BE ANYTHING! THE
WALLS...THE
FURNITURE...

...A SIGHT...



"NO! NO! I MUSTN'T
LOOK AT ANYTHING!"

"A SOUND..."
TIC!

TIC! TIC!
TIC! TIC!
TIC! TIC!
TIC! TIC!



I'VE GOT
TO GET OUT OF
THIS APARTMENT...
AWAY FROM
THESE FAMILIAR
OBJECTS!

CRASH!

"A TOUCH..."

"NO! THAT'S
WHAT HE WANTS
ME TO DO, LEAVE
THE APARTMENT...
THEN IT WILL
HAPPEN...ON THE
ELEVATOR...IN
THE CAR..."

I'VE GOT TO GET
A GRIP ON MYSELF...
GOT TO THINK THIS
OUT WITH A
RATIONAL MIND!

THERE HAS TO
BE A WAY TO GET
OUT OF HERE WITH-
OUT ALERTING THE
SUGGESTION!

THE PHONE! I'VE
ALREADY USED THAT!
IT CAN'T HARM ME!
MAYBE DAVID IS
BACK NOW...

...YES OPERATOR,
I WANT TO SPEAK TO
A MR. DAVID RAINBURY AT
EXTENSION 477...

HELLO?...

HELLO? HELLO? IS
THAT YOU, KARIN?



YOU WALK TO THE BALCONY, KARIN PAYNE,
TAKING YOUR TIME...
KNOWING WHAT YOU
HAVE TO DO, YOU ARE
CALM, NOW, RELAXED.
AMAZING HOW AN
EVERDAY THING LIKE
THE SOUND OF YOUR
FIANCÉ'S VOICE COULD
RELAX YOU SO... COULD
MAKE YOU SEEK THE
COMFORT OF THE
COOL EVENING AIR...
YOU SMILE AS YOU
CLIMB UPON THE
LEDEGE...



THE BREEZE STIRS A
LOCK OF GAZE INTO THE
BLACKNESS. HOW CLEVER
OF KOWAR TO FIND OUT
YOU HAD A BALCONY.
THIS WAS HIS IDEA
OF POETIC JUSTICE.
AND HE WAS RIGHT...
YOU HAVE NO WILL
TO RESIST, YOU LAUGH,
THROW YOUR LEGS
OVER THE LEDGE...
PORE YOURSELVES...
AND PUSH! AND
YOU ARE GLAD...



GLAD, AS
YOU FALL
THROUGH
SPACE, THAT
IT IS OVER--
GLAD A MOMENT
LATER WHEN
DAVID'S STRONG
ARMS HELP YOU FROM
THE WET LAWN
SURROUNDING THE
BUILDING...



DARLING,
ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?

GLAD THAT,
FOR ALL HIS
CLEVERNESS,
KOWAR FAILED
TO NOTICE YOU'D
MOVED FROM
THE NINETEENTH
FLOOR TO THE
FIRST...
THREE DAYS
AGO...





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COME ON INTO THE MAGAZINE OF THE
HORROR-BIKE...MEET BRICK REESE...
CRIME FIGHTER...RADICAL...SUPERHERO...
LEER AND LURCH INTO SOUL-SHRIEKING
DELIGHT AS YOU COME TO KNOW THE BEAUTIFUL
BLACK BUTTERFLY...SLITHER INTO LUNACY AS
YOU LEARN TO LOVE THE WILD BUNCH...COME INTO
THE HORRORS OF YESTERDAY'S CRIME-WARS IN
THE MAGAZINE OF THUGS, DOLLS, ASSASSINS...
THESE ARE THE 2 TITLES FROM SKYWALD THAT'LL
TAUNT YOUR BRAIN...

SKYWALD BACK ISSUE DEPT. PH. BO.
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ENCLOSED IS #..... For HELL-RIDER
 #1 #2
 CRIME-MACHINE
 #1 #2

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CITY AND STATE.....

ZIP.....

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THIS
BIKE-RIDING
SUPERHERO
RIDES INTO YOUR
LIFE IN...

HELL-RIDER

THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF FRIENDS IN THIS WORLD... THERE IS THE COMMON GARDEN-VARIETY BUDDY... THERE IS THE NOT-SO-COMMON WEREWOLF... THERE ARE KIDS WHO ARE SWILLY INSANE... AND THEY TOO ARE CALLED FRIENDS... THEN THERE ARE GHOSTS, DEVILS, GARGOYLES, TROLLS, CREEPS, AND THE UNDEAD... THIS STORY IS ABOUT NONE OF THESE FRIENDS... IT'S ABOUT ANOTHER, LESSER KNOWN KIND OF FRIEND... YES, THAT'S HIM PICTURED BELOW!

and
if
a
fiend
should
come
a-callin'...

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

ART BY TONI AND ADCA



A GREEN GARGOYLE -- HMMH...
SOUNDS LIKE SOME SORT OF...
OH I DUNNO -- SOME KIND OF
CANDY OR SOMETHING? A
DOLLAR EACH -- THAT'S
EXPENSIVE! MUST BE PRETTY
GOOD CANDY!

DON'T TASTE LIKE
ANYTHING SPECIAL -- JUST
LIKE A MINT? WELL ANYWAY,
GOTTA GET HOME TO SEE
THAT BALL GAME ON T.V.

MY HEAD -- SPINNING ROUND --
GETTING GIZZY... GOTTA GET HOME--
BEFORE I KEEL OVER!

WA -- MY HEAD IS
SPLITTING WIDE OPEN
CAN YOU GIVE ME
SOMETHING FOR IT...

THAT...THAT CAN'T
BE MY MOTHER...
IT'S SOME KIND OF...
MONSTER! OH MY
HEAD -- CAN'T EVEN
SEE -- EVERYTHING
GOING ROUND IN
CIRCLES...

GOTTA GET
OUTTA HERE SO I
CAN... DAD - DAD --
WHAT'S HAPPENED...
OH HELP ME --
SOMEONE HELP
ME...



YOU'RE NOT HAVING A NIGHTMARE KID--YOU'RE NOT HALLUCINATING ANYMORE EITHER--I'M REAL ENOUGH!

IT MEANS I'M REAL--

THEN IF YOU'RE REAL THAT MEANS...

COOL IT KID--I WON'T HURT YOU! I MAY BE A GREEN GARGOYLE--BUT I'M A FRIENDLY GREEN GARGOYLE!

TELL ME--WHO'S THE CREEP THAT DROPPED THE PILLS ON YOU?

HALLUCINATING... WHAT'S THAT MEAN?

PRIEST? I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

THE CANDY KID--WHO GAVE YOU THE WEIRD CANDY?

OH--THE CANDY--SOME GUY AT SCHOOL...

HE CAME AROUND TODAY AFTER SCHOOL--GAVE A BUNCH OF US "SAMPLES" TO TRY--IF WE LIKED 'EM IT'D COST US A DOLLAR TO GET MORE!

OH GEEZ-- IT'S NOT BAD ENOUGH THEY GOTTA PEDDLA THIS STUFF TO SCREWED-UP ADULTS... HOW THEY GOTTA SMOKE IT DOWN THE THROATS OF NAIIVE CHILDREN...

LISTEN KID--THAT'S THE GUY THAT'S MAKING YOU SICK--YOU WANT TO GET EVEN?

WELL OF COURSE-- HE SPLITT MY HEAD WADE OPEN...

OKAY KID-- NOW LISTEN-- HERE'S WHAT YOU CAN DO...

SOMETIME LATER THAT SAME DAY --

HEY MEISTER --
I'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR YOU ...

KEEP YOUR VOICE
DOWN KID -- ARE
YOU OUT OF YOUR
MIND?

NOT AT THE
MOMENT -- NO --
BUT A LITTLE
WHILE AGO I
WAS ...

ON TEN?
YOU LIKED IT
BUT YOU WANT
SOME MORE
MAYBE?

HEH I WANT
SOME MORE...
SO DOES A
FRIEND OF
MINE...

A FRIEND -- HEH
WHAT IS THIS...

YOU GAVE ME TWO
PILLS -- I GAVE ONE OF 'EM
TO A FRIEND AT ANOTHER SCHOOL --
HE WANTS TO SEE YOU, MAYBE
HELP YOU SET UP THERE
TOO!

I DUNNO
KID...

HOT RIGHT NOW.
YOU FINISH YOUR
COFFEE -- IT'LL BE
DARK IN HALF AN
OUR -- YOU CAN
MEET US IN THE
WALK ...

I'M TELLING
YOU THE TRUTH --
HE WANTS TO
SET YOU UP...

OKAY KID --
LET'S GO...

YOU'RE TURNING
INTO A REGULAR JAMES
BOND ARENT YOU...

OKAY -- SEE
YOU LATER...



THERE IS A TIME AND A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING... THEY SAY... THE TIME FOR THIS IS NOW... THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY IN THE PLACE CALLED OKINAWA JUST OFF THE COAST OF JAPAN... AND IF THE SCENE STRIKES YOU AS BEING JUST A LITTLE BIT MAD IT'S BECAUSE IT IS MAD...



GOOD GOD... CAN THESE
CREATURES BE FROM SOME BIZARRE
RACE OF SPACESPWN...

OR CAN THEY BE
OF THIS EARTH...

HOW CAN I BATTLE THEM P... ONE
MAN... AGAINST A HORDE FROM HELL-NELL...

...BUT I
MUST...

...AND I MUST DO
IT NOW... OR TOMORROW
**THE EARTH WILL
DIE!**

MARSH
SCENES

CONSIDER THIS SIMPLE OBSERVATION IF YOU WILL... 'THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS AS THEY APPEAR TO BE'...
...THERE IS A MEANING TO EVERYTHING ON THIS GROTTERGUE GLOBE -- AND ALTHOUGH THE MEANING TO THIS MAY
NOW SEEM OBSCURE TO YOU -- IT WILL BRIGHTLY BE MADE CLEAR...

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

**the
day the earth will die!**

ALRIGHT CUT... CUT

OKAY THAT WAS A NICE TAKE... PRINT IT...

...GENE... BEAUTIFUL... BEAUTIFUL... YOU'VE
REALLY GOT THE FEEL FOR THIS KIND OF FILM--THAT
REAL FANTASY FEELING...

IT'S GLAD YOU LIKED IT SULLU... I ONG THESE
KINDA FILMS... FANTASY... HORROR... MONSTERS...

...PROBABLY AS MUCH AS THE AUDIENCES DO...

IT SHOWS MY FRIEND... IT SHOWS ON EVERY FRAME
OF FILM...

WHAT'S UP NOW... THE EGG SCENE?

MR. SULLU... BEFORE YOU GO SIR... WHAT ABOUT THE
ROBOTS?... YOU WANT US TO DISMANTLE THEM... THIS IS THE LAST SCENE
THEY'RE IN...

HAN... THAT'S WISHLFUL THINKING TONG...
...WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE ADVANCE RUSHES YET... BETTER WAIT 'TLL WE GET A CHECK ON HOW EVERYTHING LOOKS
ON FILM BEFORE YOU TAKE 'EM APART...

YEW... THE EGG SET IS BEING MADE UP RIGHT NOW ABOUT A MILE FROM HERE... WE'LL HOP IN THE JEEP AND SHOOT RIGHT OVER...

IT'S FUNNY... MAKING AN ORGANIZED, TIGHTLY WRITTEN STORY INTO A FILM... WHEN THE ORDER OF FILMING SCENES DOESN'T FOLLOW THE ORDER OF THE PLOT...

YEH... I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO COMPLETELY ADJUST MYSELF TO THAT... RIGHT
NOW, FOR EXAMPLE, WHEN WE SHOT THE EGG SCENE... WE'RE ACTUALLY SHOOTING THE OPENING OF THE MOVIE...
...WHEN WE'VE ALREADY DONE 70% OF THE REST OF THE FILM!
...WEIRD...







MR. SULLU... THEY ARE
OUR ROBOTS

I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY GOT HERE...
OR WHAT... BUT THEY'RE FROM THAT FILM
WE DID A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO.

...YOU REMEMBER P... THE ONE
ABOUT FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER
MEETING THE CROCK FROM
PLANET Z...



CHECK CHIEF... THERE ARE
CONTROLS ON THE BACK OF THE
NECK IF I REMEMBER...

...SHOULD
BE EASY ENOUGH
TO GET TO
THEM...



BE CAREFUL...
SOMEONE ELSE
MUST BE
CONTROLLING
THESE THINGS...



SULLU...
YOU NOTICE
SOMETHING
STRANGE ABOUT
THEM...

...I DUNNO IF I'M
LOSING MY MIND...
BUT THEY LOOK AS IF
THEY'RE GROWING
FOR GOD'S SAKE...

...REALLY
BLOODY
GROWING...

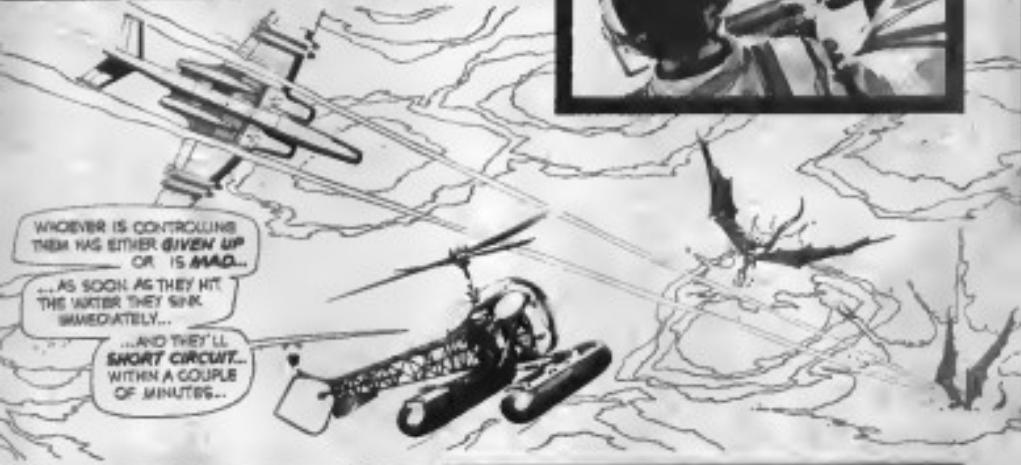
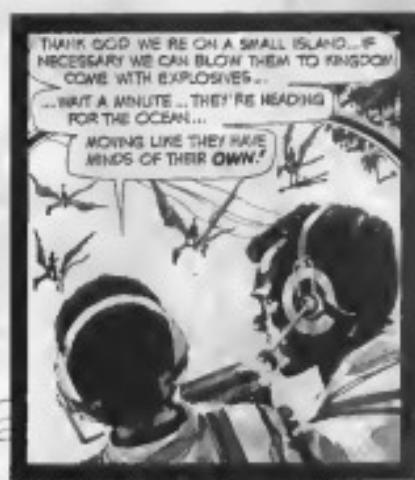
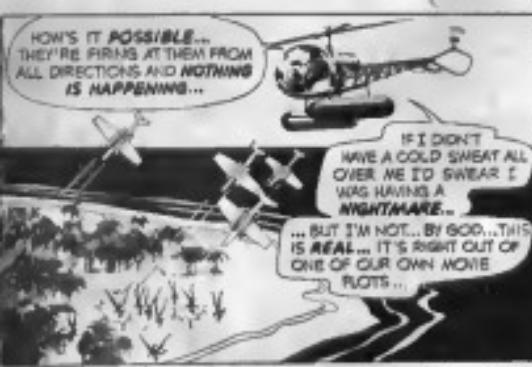
OH GOD... IT BUCKED
HIM RIGHT OFF INTO THE
OTHER ONE'S PATH...



THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR... CRAZY
AS THIS MAY SOUND... I'M GOING TO
DO THE SAME THING AS
WE DO IN OUR MOVIES...

...I'M GOING TO
CALL IN THE
ARMY!





IF YOU ARE NOW BEGINNING TO WONDER IF THIS
MADNESS HAS A RAYME OR REASON TO IT YOU ARE
NOT ALONE... AT LEAST TWO MEN... WHO HOW
STAND BY ADOLY AS MANY ARE WOUNDED AND
KILLED... ALSO WONDER WITH YOU... HOW THIS
FITS INTO THE SCHEME OF SANITY IN THIS WORLD...





CUT!

WELL THAT SHOULD DO IT...

...NICE FILM... NICE AND TIGHT... LOTS OF NICE ACTION SCENES... YEP... OVERALL I'D SAY THAT WAS A NICE REEL OF FILM...

WHAT'S NEXT?

ANOTHER LOW-BUDGET HORROR Flick? OR ARE YOU ISHIN' AT TRY FOR A RE-MAKE OF THE #2 COMMANDMENT?..

...NOW... BEEN DONE TOO MANY TIMES...

...I HEARD TELL OF A LITTLE PLANET SOMEWHERE WAY OUT IN UNQUAR EXIT ZONE... THEY HAVE THIS PRE-OCUPATION WITH DOGS AND CATS... EVERYBODY IS SCARED OF THEM... MAYBE WE CAN FOCUS OUR RADAR MIOR LENSES IN ON THEM FOR A WHILE... SEND THEM IN A BATCH OF DOGS AND CATS LIKE WE SENT THE FAKE ROBOT-BEASTS TO EARTH... STIR UP SOME TROUBLE... IF ANYTHING WORTHWHILE HAPPENS WE'LL SHOOT A FEW REELS...

WHAT ABOUT THE EARTHLINGS... YOU GOING TO SEND A SHIP TO PICK UP THE 'BEASTS'?

...NO... IT'D JUST BE A WASTE... THE EARTHLINGS WILL FIGURE OUT A WAY TO CONQUER THEM...
...THEY ALWAYS DO... DON'T THEY?...



GROTESQUE 'GRATULATIONS TO WINNER **LEE GROEBNER** OF NEW ULM, MINNESOTA, WHO'S NAME WAS RECENTLY PICKED BY PARANOIC PABLO MARCOS AND ARCHAIC AL HEINETSON FROM THOUSANDS OF ENTRIES...WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER ART GIVE-AWAY CONTEST SOON...BE ON THE WATCH... AND ANYBODY WANTING TO SEE WHAT THE DRAIN REALLY LOOKED LIKE MIGHT WANT TO CHECK THE LETTERS PAGE OF **NIGHTMARE #9** FOR A PATHETIC PHOTO...



INSIDE THIS
FIRST ALL-ORIGINAL
NIGHTMARE
TEASING TALES LURK
IN THE MACABRE
LUNATIC STYLE
OF THE

HORROR MOOD

—LET THE
MOOD-TEAM
OF DOUG MOENCH,
BRUCE JONES,
PABLO MARCOS,
SOSTRES, ROCA,
RAYNE AND
ARCHAIC AL
HEWITSON
ENTERTAIN YOUR
MAD-EMOTION
MOMENTS!



INTRODUCE YOURSELF TO YOUR DREAM WORLD. THIS IS THE FIRST SELECTION IN THE MACABRE NEW CONTINUED FEATURES WHERE YOU ARE THE *WRITER*... YOU ARE THE *WRITER*... AS WE TELL THE AWFUL TALE OF YOUR **NIGHTMARE WORLD!**

LOOK INSIDE THE
MOST BIZARRE PRACTICES
ON THIS GROTESQUE
GREY EARTH IN—
**THE MACABRE
FACTS OF
LIFE!**



AND IN FUTURE REGULAR ISSUES OF NIGHTMARE,
AND OUR CRIPPLED COMPANION TITLE PSYCHO,
WILFULLY AWAIT: **GHASTLY REUNION**, THE
SLITHER-SLIME MAN, THE PRINCESS OF
EARTH, A BAG OF FLEAS, FUNERAL BARGE,
TITAN WEEP, RAYINGS OF THE DAMNED,
HORROR TUB, AND THE MANIACAL STORY OF
MADNESS

AS
SHOWN
AT
RIGHT...

**AT
MIND'S
EDGE!**
PHASE ONE
OF THE
**HORROR-
MOOD!**



R.I.P.